

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## Shall We Crown Platt?

While Colonel Roosevelt is careering through the State, telling how essential it is that the laws of New York should be administered by somebody whose views are sound on the subject of the Cuban debt, the time has come for the fifteen hundred thousand voters of this Commonwealth to consider calmly and soberly, like sane men, the issues which they are to decide in less than two weeks.

The question is not simply whether we shall elect as Governor a dashing, hot-headed, stubborn and erratic Rough Rider or a well-balanced jurist of mature experience, thorough knowledge of law, and tact in dealing with men. There is much more than that. The question is between Republican and Democratic government—not merely between Republicanism and Democracy in general, but between them as their workings have been exhibited in the government of the State of New York.

The only way to secure good government in our system is to hold the party in power rigidly responsible for its conduct of affairs, and turn it out if it fails in its duty. Any other principle leads straight to indifference, negligence and corruption. We hold elections for the very purpose of passing judgment on the record of the men in power and rewarding or condemning as the case demands.

Now, what is the record of the Republican party in this State, on which the voters are asked to set the seal of their approval?

Republican government at Albany has **DOUBLED THE TAXES.**

It has squandered, by theft, waste and mismanagement, the money appropriated for the improvement of the canals, so that the commerce of the State is still held in ligatures and rival seaports are taking away the export trade that belongs to the metropolis.

It has crippled local self-government to the extent of its ability and subjected the people of every city, town and village to the rule of a single boss.

It has concocted an excise system which, under the pretence of raising revenue, destroys the liberty of the citizen, puts the personal habits of the people under an exasperating espionage, and enables Mr. Platt to mind every man's business but his own.

It has deprived the localities of the control of their own elections, and created a swarm of partisan heelers paid out of the public treasury to infest the registration places and the polls in the interest of their boss.

It has violated the requirements regarding the civil service embodied in the Constitution by a convention controlled by its own party.

It has given us the degrading example of a Legislature absolutely owned by one man, and ready to turn out laws or reject them at his order.

It has refused to aid the people in any of their contests against trusts and corporations; it has defeated all attempts to secure dollar gas for the residents of New York, and it has been the willing accomplice of every scheme of public plunder that has made its appearance at Albany.

By every principle of logic and every political precedent the Republican party would have to bear the responsibility for the misdeeds of its agents even if its convention and candidates attempted to repudiate it. But no attempt at repudiation has been made. On the contrary, both platform and candidates indorse the discredited Administration of Governor Black, and point to it as the model after which the next Republican Administration may be expected to be patterned.

It is irrelevant to talk of Tammany, as if that were some sort of counterpoise against the misdeeds of Platt and Black. Good government is impossible unless each party is held strictly to account for its conduct in the particular field under examination. If we were about to hold a city election it would be incumbent on Tammany to defend its administration of the city government, and show, by facts and figures, how it compared with the administration that preceded it. But it is a State election we are facing now, and the people have to say whether a party that has doubled their State taxes and committed all the other outrages and crimes perpetrated by the Republican government at Albany deserves a new lease of power.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE VOTER.

The election of Judge Van Wyck will assure an honest administration of State affairs, due regard for the interests of the taxpayers, an intelligent direction of public matters and a strict enforcement of the laws. He will not be the creature of corporations, nor the pliant tool of political bosses. His unspotted career on the bench is conclusive evidence that he will hold the executive balances fairly, and that the purity of purpose and the firmness that characterized his judicial record will mark his occupancy of the Governor's chair.

Let the intelligent voter, unheeding the clamor of excited partisans, address himself a few questions in an honest effort to arrive at just conclusions.

If he believes in improving the waterways of the State, and increasing the commerce of the hundreds of prosperous cities that line the canals, would he turn their management over to the Democrats who are pledged to their efficient maintenance, or leave them in the hands of the Republicans that have despoiled the canal fund of millions, and left the canals themselves in a scandalous condition?

If he believes in personal liberty, in that individual freedom that is the corner stone of the republic, will he uphold a Democratic candidate who is broad in his beliefs and his sympathies, or will he help to elevate to the Governorship a man who oppressed him with the Raines law, robbed his holiday of pleasure and set spies to report upon his personal conduct?

If he believes in every man bearing the tax burden according to his fortune, will he indorse by his vote the Democratic leader whose record as a taxpayer is perfect, or will he support the Republican nominee with his talent for drawing public salaries and his aversion to paying his tax bills?

If he believes in condemning the brutal neglect of our volunteer soldiers, will he stand by a party that assails Algerism in its platform, or vote for a candidate that defends, when he does not ignore, the blunders of the War Department?

If he believes that a United States Senator should be chosen who will not be a puppet of Platt's, a champion of trusts and a defender of capitalistic rapacity in every form, will he lend his influence to the election of a Legislature that will return that able and loyal Democrat, Edward Murphy, to the Senate?

If this intelligent voter really desires an honest and economical administration, the punishment of the canal thieves, a Legislature that will express the will of the people, and all the reforms necessary to a regeneration of State affairs, will he not answer the above questions in favor of the Democracy?

## REPUBLICAN DISTRESS IN PENN- SYLVANIA.

Chairman Babcock, of the National Congressional Committee, has communicated his fears in a letter to Senator Penrose. Unless something is done to settle "local party differences" in Pennsylvania, he warns the Republicans that they will lose four or five Congressmen.

Among the other terrible things that will happen, according to the alarmed Babcock, if the Democrats gain control of the lower House, will be the blocking of the Administration's policy in the settlement of the war, and the paralysis of business interests.

This wall from the depths only confirms the belief that the Democrats will carry the next House. When a rock-ribbed State like Pennsylvania begins to break away from its political moorings where can the Republicans look for comfort? The "fruits of the war," which President McKinley was so fond of referring to in his recent stumping tour, will be gathered in the shape of Democratic victories.

The Administration is on trial in every Congressional district. It has accepted the responsibility for Algerism. It is striving to defend the blunders of the War Department, to excuse the neglect of the troops, the corrupt contracts, and the political favoritism that filled the army with incompetent officers.

Chairman Babcock is mistaken. It is not "local party differences" alone that are responsible for the threatened loss of five Republican Congressmen in Pennsylvania. This revolution against Algerism, Hannalism and McKinleyism is making itself felt in New York, and in every other State as well. The challenge of the Ad-

The issues involved in the contest between Judge Van Wyck and Colonel Roosevelt affect the welfare of every citizen of New York. The victory of the Democracy will not be a mere party triumph. Its results will be far-reaching.

ministration has been accepted. It claims all the honors of war, and champions all the horrors of peace.

The people will reject its first claim and hold it to strict account for its responsibilities. And in Pennsylvania they will have the additional satisfaction of vindicating the old-fashioned precept: "Thou shalt not steal."

## WOODRUFF THE LOGICIAN.

The canal thefts were committed by a Republican Administration. That Administration was indorsed by the Republican Convention and by Colonel Roosevelt personally as a model for imitation. Therefore Mr. Woodruff defends the canal thefts. That is logic, and it is also Republicanism.

Colonel Roosevelt says that if Governor Black's Administration did the things which Governor Black's own investigating commission says it did he will punish the guilty parties. But without waiting to look into it if he has already given the Black Administration a certificate of character as "wise, statesmanlike and economical." From any point of view his position is shuffling, illogical and self-contradictory. The attitude of Mr. Woodruff is much more nearly what would be expected of a dashing, uncalculating Rough Rider.

## ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO ALGERISM.

The Rev. Peter F. MacQueen was with Roosevelt and Wheeler in Cuba, and he writes about them in Frank Leslie's Monthly with the enthusiasm of a hero worshipper. He gives Colonel Roosevelt a tribute of admiration of which the leader of the Rough Riders may well be proud. It might be circulated to advantage as a campaign document.

In the course of his narrative Mr. MacQueen describes the horrible privations endured at Santiago, both by our troops and by the inhabitants of the city, for the lack of the supplies that ought to have been there. "The harbor of Santiago was opened," he says, "but the men were still starving and medicine was scarce."

A hundred and twenty-one men out of four hundred and thirty were in the hospital. The chaplain was blue; even the iron will of Roosevelt seemed to be breaking as he set his teeth and watched his men crumple up like paper. "If we were fighting in the last ditch," he said to me the morning of my departure, "we could stand this, and ten times more. But we are not fighting for national existence. There is a land of peace and an open port. Back of us is the great, opulent, generous Republic. That is what makes conditions here so bitter. To know there is plenty of food and medicine for your men, to know the country would give you ten times more and never crumble, and yet to find that we must starve and die like cattle—I tell you that is hard. We'll come out of this, but it should never have happened."

This characterization of Algerism by the Republican candidate for Governor of New York would go well with Colonel Roosevelt's suppressed report. It might be a good thing to inscribe on a campaign banner.

ACCORDING TO A DISPATCH to the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, the French physician who was permitted to examine the Emperor of China reports that His Majesty has a slight touch of phthisis, acute albuminuria, a little anaemia and is suffering from general debility.

Is it possible that His Majesty was at Chickamauga in disguise?

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TIMOTHY WOODRUFF may not have a very massive brain, but his heart is in the right place. He is not the man to go back on a friend merely because he is a thief.

## THE NATIONAL POLICY.

Annex Hawaii

(Accomplished.)

A Mighty Navy

(In Progress.)

Strategic Bases in the West Indies

(Partly Accomplished.)

Dig the Nicaragua Canal.

Great National Universities at West Point and Annapolis.

## DRIVEN MAD BY HUNGER.

THE PITIFUL FATE OF  
AN ACTRESS.

## SOME FOOD SHOW FIENDS.

WALT McDUGALL PORTRAYS THE  
TERRIBLE SAMPLOMANIAC.

THEY SPEAK AS THEY PASS. PROGRESS OF THE  
VANDERBILT ROW.

POOR little Blanche Verona is in the incurable ward at the Insane asylum. She went there the other day, and the doctors say she was driven mad by hopeless starvation.

Blanche Verona was an actress, barely twenty-three years old. Pretty and rather clever, she knew a whole lot of dramatic agents and a great many actors and actresses, and she had been on the stage three years.

She knew all about Broadway, and she could get into any professional matinee on the strength of her card. She probably called any city outside of New York "a lay town," and every man but an actor a "farmer." And after all these accomplishments she is driven insane by starvation. Just as if she was nothing more interesting than a maid servant out of employment.

I was talking to an actress about her yesterday.

The actress is about twenty-three years old, and has been on the stage since she was sixteen. She is pretty and she can dance a little and she sings a bit, and she has a gorgeous, warranted-for-six-months red bleach to her hair.

She wears a little rouge, and when she goes out in the evening she makes up her nice, good-natured eyes—but she's a good girl, and a rather sensible one.

She plays in three comedies where she can wear black stockings and let her hair down, and gets \$25 a week for about thirty weeks in the year, and "rests" the other twenty-two weeks.

She felt very badly about Blanche Verona—

—as every one who knew the proud, ambitious, honest little girl does feel.

"Say," she said, pulling her large dotted veil down with a singularly startling contraction of the upper lip. "Say, all this newspaper talk about 'The Throat Starving' makes me a little weary. Blanche Verona was a nice girl. There's lots of 'em in the business, and they starve right alongside the ones that starve quite the thing."

"This old news and fuss about the good and starve, and the wicked and wear diamonds, don't work. The starving part is all right. There's hundreds of 'em doing that in this little old hall-bedroom-three-digits-up-pay-in-advance-town right now."

But the diamonds—say, where are they now?

In the topical songs, I guess, with the Johnnies and the champagne for breakfast."

"Where are all these Johnnies you hear about?"

"I've been in the business for seven years, and I ain't a bad looker, either, but I don't believe I'd know a Johnnie if I met him. There may be a few Johnnies around; they'll buy you a corned beef sandwich and a stick of lager, and they think a rabbit and a bottle of imported beer is

a blowout—but they ain't shovin' the cable cars out of the way to get next to the stage entrance."

"The town's full of hungry actresses. And they have just as hard a time getting their Winter plaster out of hook as if they were salesladies or typewriters, or any other poor thing that's hungry and has to wear good clothes and look pleasant."

"Say, I heard a woman lecture about 'The Stage and Its Allurements' once; that was before I went into the business." Say, it kept me feeling the "World Against Her" for weeks, but now—and it ain't quite the same old smile, not by a whole boxful of laughs.

"I don't find the 'allure' very exciting my own self."

"Poor little Verona!"

"I'd bet she gave up a decent home to come here to Broadway and starve to death."

"Allured by the glitter—that's a good line, ain't it? 'Allured by the glitter.'"

"There ain't much that's shining about going hungry. I'm telling all I know, and so does every woman that ain't way up in this business."

Now, my friend the actress may not be a finished conversationalist, but she certainly does seem to know where the goods are.

It is quite the thing to preach so positively that virtue is its own punishment. Would it not be as edifying to let the pitiful little story of an honest girl's failure and despair tell itself without a miserable, cynical, half-truth tucked on by way of a moral?

Wouldn't it be a good idea to let the Johnnies and the champagne-for-breakfast story out of the headlines for a while, until the hordes and herds of poor little helpless, inadequate girls from "up the State" who hunt the dramatic agencies just now get desperate enough to pawn their Fall finery to buy a ticket back home, to the plain, unadorned drudgery which will keep an honest roof over their poor little heads?

WINIFRED BLACK.

## VINDICTIVE TO THE LAST.

"What will you have for breakfast?" asked the jailer.

"Buckwheat cakes and a cup of chocolate," replied the condemned murderer.

He was to be hanged in two hours, and he took a malicious delight in the reflection that all the reporters probably had written, "the condemned man breakfasted heartily on ham and eggs, fried potatoes and coffee."—Chicago Tribune.

## SHORT OF SPACE.

"Is your cat crowded?"

"Crowded! We can't yawn without opening a window!"—Chicago News.

THIS is the time of year when the victims of the Food Show habit can be observed and their traits studied by those who are interested in queer phases of ethnology. For a brief spell during this month they swarm in almost countless multitudes into Madison Square Garden, showing an awful and enormous activity.

The rest of the year is spent in retreats and sanctuaries, in an endeavor to recover from the wild debauch, only to muddle forth and repeat the orgy the next Autumn.

None are ever cured of this insidious habit, as death alone loosens its viscid grasp, and its victims, realizing this sad truth and knowing their awful condition, deliberately endeavor to extract a momentary pleasure in pandering to their desire, and take a keen, malicious joy that is almost diabolical in introducing cellophane, unspectating Youth into the Garden, only to have it infected and become a slave to the blighting evil of sample hunting and devouring.

The student who visits the haunts of these afflicted beings sees at once with what craft and cunning the bait is set, both for the confirmed Food Show fiend and the guileless, unsuspecting visitor from Glen Ridge or New Rochelle. The low price of admission is the first seduction. Then each lady who purchases a ticket gets either a souvenir with her ticket or a coupon if she so elects, which entitles her to what is termed a "giveaway bag," which contains a bottle of ginger beer, a can of Duff's ale, a box of Sunbeam baking powder, a box of Fish's glue, a bottle of Hayseed oil and a package of pound cake.

This menu changes every two days, thus pandering to the feminine desire to acquire something for almost nothing, and resulting in repeated visits to the fatal spot.

The booths are presided over by young women of almost divine beauty. This is a trap which entices the husband of the Food Show fiend, and in order to spread the infection among the masculine sex they present them with samples—cute little bottles of Hoot Mon Scotch whiskey.

I am proud to say that one look at my open and virtuous countenance was enough to make the empress at this booth realize that it would be idle to offer me a sample of the deadly stuff.

I am against it; right smack up against it on all occasions. Even this seducing bait, however, fails to capture many men, except as to this particular sample. They roam about with lustre eyes that show a faint hope that sample cigars will be handed out next, and as the hopes die they wake up and shake themselves free, the virus not having entered their systems.

No, there are few male Food Show devotees. No man is strong enough to

stand the racket. That awful, tired sensation strikes deep into a man before he obtains a tithe of what a woman would consider a full list, and he kneels under with perhaps only one bottle of Homestuth vinegar, a cake of Pearl soap and a cold muffin. Besides, it is harder for a man to get the samples.

The haughty maiden shoves off circulars and pamphlets on him, never heeding the plaintive, wounded look in his eyes, and his quivering lips, so that he is driven again and again to the Hoot Mon booth, where the Scotch lassie has a hot Scotch heart.

Then, at last, late in the night, he is found sitting on a stepping stone, trying to open a can of soup with the thin pick souvenir presented him by the Toothsome Cracker Company.

Food, per se, in its abstract state, and as a theory, not a condition, is not as attractive to the male as it is to the female mind. He cannot dream little dreams, nor muse tenderly and poetically over salad in the "altogether," buckwheat flour as it comes from the mine or soup in the form of a pallid, quivering jelly. Therefore, when he accompanies the fond victim of the habit as an escort to this entrancing place, he views the baking shop outfit, which turns out loaves of bread at the rate of a thousand a day, or inspects a rapid-firing doughnut machine that ejects these circular dainties faster than he can count, with an eye mainly to the mechanism.

The woman sees only a mysterious something that emits food in a torrent, a real cake, pie or roll battery in full action, and is wrapt in ecstasy like the hashish eater.

Where he sees a man pour a glass of milk into a tin receiver at one end of an ice-filled trough, turn a crank and in ten seconds drop a plate of ice cream out of the other end, the male mind stands delighted at the conception of the mechanical idea.

She sees only the gob of cream on her plate.

Armed with her "giveaway bag," so called because it has the name of the firm donating it to the show printed in large letters on both sides, and is thereby calculated to give away the fact that the bearer is a victim, she roves about the Garden, her feet moving in time to the sensuous strains of the waits as rendered by the band in the gallery. In herds she moves, shoulder to shoulder, and charges from the booths where food is given away to where the samples in tin and paper are free gratis.

The bag is slowly being filled, and as it assumes rotund proportions her eye grows feverish, her breath comes pantingly and then you see the "Food Show face." A nervous tremulousness, a quick, uncertain glance and agitated hands betray the fact that she is in the height of her frenzy.

Now let her detect another woman in the act of receiving a package of Murphy's desiccated potatoes or Flipp's sandpapered beef fillings, which she has not received herself, and you will see to what awful depths this once mild and gentle being has sunk.

With a mad glare in her eye, she plunges toward the desiccated potato booth, and now he to the healthy victim if the sample he not instantly forthcoming.

When and only when there is not an other package obtainable she will sink into a seat and gaze in a dreamy ecstasy over the arena where the other gladiators are struggling in combat. She views with placid pleasure the disappointment of those who, coming too late, alas, can obtain no more samples of Flipp's petrified peanut paste.

This really affords her as much satisfaction as does the possession of a sample, for this habit hardens the feminine heart. The lady I escorted, not being an old and incurable samplomaniac, allowed me to rest while she foraged, and when we got on the car she took an inventory of her trophies, and to wit:

One cake Fairy soap, one cake Abbotson soap, one can Ruth Ashmore soap, one box Morning star (whatever that is), one bottle Tiddewink's Worcesterstale sauce, one ditto Highlander whiskey, one ditto Blueberry wine, one ditto extract of balled lobster, one box pounded wheat, one box Half Columbia cream cheese, one ditto arrowroot pellets, one ditto glutinized barley, one can Everette cocoa, one package Jujubes, one ditto Stickem's gelatine, one ditto Hope hominy, one of rolled hickory nuts, one buttered flour, one Salvation griz, besides what she had eaten offhand at the booths, for the Food Show victim has an appetite only equalled by the school boy and the ostrich.

She contemplated her gains—enough to equip a camp of Rough Riders—with sweet complacency for a few minutes, then her face suddenly paled, her jaw sank and she clutched the railing convulsively, while her eyes welled with salt tears.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Does that last dish of Hiawatha hammed wheat disagree with you?"

"Oh, my heart is broken!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to get a sample of that lovely Dewey ginger beer."

I told her not to worry, as she would soon have something else to think of, and she did.

Her doctor told me that she is out of danger, but it was a close call, and that she came near having her digestion impaired.

WALT McDUGALL.

## READILY DEFINED.

"Uncle Jim, what's a hired assassin?"

"A bad cook."—Chicago News.

Of course we have all read as well as heard of the touching story of the reconciliation of the Vanderbilts, father and son. There is no doubt that Cornelius, Sr., has made some overtures to his boy, and has laid possibly an interview with him. But Chauncey Dewey gave the keynote to the whole situation when he said that he preferred not to speak of the recent social relations between father and son.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., have not as yet exchanged visits, and now the young Cornelius family will live in the Ogden Goeltz house this Winter, and will not be members of the Vanderbilt household as yet—I mean the house at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue.

There seem yet a great many preliminaries to be settled before the final reconciliation.

I wonder who may be the Countess of Oxford. I see that she is registered at the Plaza Hotel, and although I thought I knew my peerage pretty well the house of Oxford rather has me. I know the Bishop of Oxford, but I suppose the Countess is all right, or she would not use the name. However, I am just a bit puzzled at the present moment, and wonder if it is not the Countess of Orford who is meant. Lady Orford was formerly Miss Louise Corbin, of this Blueberry wine, one ditto extract of balled lobster, one box pounded wheat, one box Half Columbia cream cheese, one ditto arrowroot pellets, one ditto glutinized barley, one can Everette cocoa, one package Jujubes, one ditto Stickem's gelatine, one ditto Hope hominy, one of rolled hickory nuts, one buttered flour, one Salvation griz, besides what she had eaten offhand at the booths, for the Food Show victim has an appetite only equalled by the school boy and the ostrich.

She contemplated her gains—enough to equip a camp of Rough Riders—with sweet complacency for a few minutes, then her face suddenly paled, her jaw sank and she clutched the railing convulsively, while her eyes welled with salt tears.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Does that last dish of Hiawatha hammed wheat disagree with you?"

"Oh, my heart is broken!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to get a sample of that lovely Dewey ginger beer."

I told her not to worry, as she would soon have something else to think of, and she did.

Her doctor told me that she is out of danger, but it was a close call, and that she came near having her digestion impaired.

WALT McDUGALL.

## READILY DEFINED.

"Uncle Jim, what's a hired assassin?"

"A bad cook."—Chicago News.

at the house, and dined there, and afterward conceived the brilliant idea of paying the bride and bridegroom a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Baring were still in the Jersey City station, in their private car, taking their first dinner together, when a mob of friends and relatives burst in on their privacy and had to be wined considerably before they would take their departure. Spectacles of this kind are possibly the fashion abroad but the average American is not used to this innovation in his own country.

I see some woman lost some kind of animal at the wedding. The advertisement yesterday calling for "a box with eleven tails" seems to suggest some beast or other which might have a place in the Central Park menagerie. One has heard of a cat-o-nine tails, but this box with eleven is somewhat beyond mortal ken.

Suppose, however, it is a very valuable piece of fur, one of those white looking affairs ornamented with short white and black tails of the style of the orange cat that one sees on the back fence and unfortunately hears too often.

I was at "The Belle of New York" the other night. I was struck with the resemblance between Dan Daly and Colonel John Jacob Astor, who was entertaining a large party in one of the prosecution boxes. Colonel Astor recently has followed the English fashion of wearing long waistcoats, and Dan Daly has even imitated him in this. He always looks as if he had a pair of corsets under his coat. The resemblance was so startling in the second act of the play as to elicit a little chaffing of Colonel Astor from the men in the box. Dan Daly seemed in his glory, and played to the Astors the whole evening.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## A FOOLISH MAN.

"Bottin has put himself in a fine fix."

"How?"

"He wrote an article on 'The Ideal Wife' for a woman's paper last month."

"Well, what's that got to do with his present fix?"

"Somebody told his wife about it, and she's been reading the thing over and over during the past two days, trying to discover a single trait wherein his ideal resembles her. She hasn't found it, and Bottin is taking his meals downtown."—Cleveland Leader.

## WIGGLING OUT OF IT.

"Brother Brown, don't you know it is a sin to fish on the Sabbath?"

"I allow it is some, but ev'body else 'round here does the same."

"That is no excuse."

"S—nor but it's got the fish into the habit of bitin' on that day only!"—Cincinnati En-

quirer.